



Son of death, Fall of Olympus



tragedy

fantasy

romance?

👁 39 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Dark Knight Gwyn

Dear journal,

It has been years since I have felt the warm touch of another person. It has been years since I have lived in the vicinity another non-hostile. I have not known the love of a mother, the pride of a father, the bond of a sibling, or the companionship of a friend. Life as I have known it has been this: Wake up, eat, say goodbye to no one, attend school, and go back home. I don't have any friends, never did, never will. I pretend that it doesn't hurt, but that doesn't stop the ache in my chest. People just don't like me that much. I hate them, oh so much. Even so, there is one girl. The first one to ever show me kindness. Her name is Alkyone, she has lightly tanned skin, startling deep blue eyes, raven black hair, a voice so melodious and beautiful that it would make even Aoide turn green with envy. She is a diamond in a colossal patch of dirt and scum. She is the only thing that makes this miserable existence worth living. I don't know what I would do if ever lost her. My life has been the same thing repeating everyday. I have always wished for it to change, though if I had known the price of such a wish I would have stayed quiet and wanted for nothing.

Earlier this day, I had started my daily routine as per fate had instructed, though things were as

should have been. As I began slow trek to my schoolhouse, I noticed a man on the side of the

road, he couldn't have been a merchant, unlike the decadent silky garb

that most merchants wear, which I had read in books that wealthy and travelling with

expensive wares. Please r

might I tell you that I am in no sense of the term short. At full height I am six feet and eight

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inches tall. The man on the side of the road appeared to be three inches taller than me. An impressive height, I will admit. I seem to have digressed from my point. Common sense was telling me to walk past the man and continue on toward the schoolhouse as per my routine, though my spirit of adventure was screaming at me to approach him and speak to him. My logical mind made good arguments, but in the end, it was the overwhelming will of my adventurous soul that achieved victory in the end.

"H-Hello sir," I stammered in greeting "How are you today?" The man quickly and silently scrutinized me before his face broke into a large and crooked grin, he then responded, "Just fine, my boy, you?" "I can't truly complain sir." "Good, remember you must composed even in the trying times that these may be for you" As finished saying this he shook my hand and then proceeded to walk along to wherever he had intended to travel before I had greeted him. As his figure retreated and faded into the distance, I suddenly felt an acute pain in my head, though as soon as it had come, it was gone.

I continued my walk and soon was floored. "Agh!" I cried out in pain as the sudden impact sent me sprawling and scrambling to get back to my feet. When I took a look at my assailant, I froze in shock. The attacker had the lean muscles of a regular man, yet from the waist down he was a... goat. Ye gods, this thing was a satyr which now looked very angry and at the moment had drawn a rather intimidating halberd. **“για Ερμής (for Hermes)”** he hissed before charging at me. I sidestepped the deadly advance and tripped over the root of a tree, my previously white chiton becoming stained with the dark soil that I had fallen into. 'I don't want to die here', I thought, as the satyr raised the halberd above his head. I rolled to the side sullyng my chiton even more than I had when I had first fallen. Suddenly a voice spoke out, *"Do you wish to live?"* "Yes!" "Do you wish for power?" "Yes, I do" "Good, then take your weapon and live!" The words left my lips before I had time to think, **"Malice, breaker of unions, root of hatred, I command you to come and protect me as you are meant to do!"** The earth began quake under my feet, the world around us darkened as if a thief had stolen the brightness from previously bright scene and in turn left a dark colorless slate in their wake, I felt a splitting shoot through my skull and suddenly a large curved scythe had materialized in my hands. Blade of silver and handle of carved bone. Too many it heavy and rather cumbersome, though to me it felt perfect as if it

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I shan't tell you of what I did, though I shall tell you that I was quite spent after the ordeal and proceeded to fall into slumber. My last sight before I had fallen unconscious was that of Alkyone as she rushed toward my limp body before I could fall to the ground.

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